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LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

No. 6.—To Hon. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SIR : As a representative of the highest culture, a stern advocate of the loftiest moral principles in politics, this Republic welcomed your advent into the public arena. Of a family respectably known in the literary and theological world, a graduate and a professor of Harvard, a patriot by inheritance, and both patriot and poet by occupation, you had ever been forward to serve your country by the frankest disapprobation of those whose action was not impelled by your thought. Poetry, learning, satire, and denunciation you had brought to the establishment of righteousness and to the dis-establishment of mere expediency in the administration of government. No hand was swifter than yours to “hurl the contumelious stone” against such stalwart men as those who are “mere pegs to hang an office on”—phrases which you will recognize as your own. No voice sounded louder than yours in scorn of time-servers, who sacrifice principle to place ; who betray the people ; whose practical position is that stigmatized by your own Hosea Biglow that

“ Constitooents air handy to help a man in,
But arterwards don’t weigh the heft of a pin.”

Your keenest ridicule was poured out on those who consider the offices of the country as merely the means of private emolument ; who with your own “ Pious editor,”

“ Du believe its wise an’ good
To sen’ out furrin missions,
Thet is on sartin understood
An’ orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan’ dolls per ann.,
Nine thousan’ more fur outfit,
An’ me to recommend a man
The place ’ould jest about fit.”

Of slavery you had proclaimed yourself the eternal foe ; you had taunted your countrymen with their submission to it. With jeer, and sneer, and scoff, and argument, you had striven to rouse men to resistance. You had indeed apparently not contemplated so fierce an antagonism as was subsequently developed. The large National idea was not within your scope. The moral wrong of slavery filled your vision to the exclusion of its essential treason. It had evidently not occurred to you that the true part of a heroic Nation is to gather itself for a mighty deed and strike out the life of its foe. Yours was the milder suggestion of hari-kari. You proposed to leave slavery in full blast, white and black equally under doom in the riven South, while the riven North should drag lamely along a strange and devious way. The grammar and orthography were the least "structural weakness" of your plan :

" Ef I'd my way, I hed ruther
We should go to work an' part,—
They take one way, we take t'other,—
 Guess it wouldn't break my 'heart ;
Men hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined ;
An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

Happily there was a stronger spirit in the thousands than you thought. They believed that God had joined them in a Nation, and they forbade slavery to rend the nation asunder. But in saving the Nation they crushed the economic, political, and moral wrong with whose infamy you had not ceased to sting them. In their rebound of relief from this overwhelming evil, they remembered only your valiant words against its toleration, and forgot your feeble words as to the method of its removal. You cannot wonder that they took your homely and vigorous verses as the guarantee of right-mindedness, the sign manual of a man whose keen eye might be depended upon to observe the pathway to National honor, and whose untiring feet would be sure to follow it. They conferred upon you the first office to which your country had ever called you, that of Presidential Elector for the first civic President after the re-established Peace. You were chosen by the Republican party, which had carried on the war to a triumphant close. You represented the district and the University in which centred your pride, your ambition, your life. You represented a corporation which had assumed a higher standard of political

morals, a higher measure of public faith, a more delicate sense of the honor which binds people and representatives than it could find beyond its own limits.

Still quoting your own words, I ask :

“ To what end. How yield you back
The trust for such high uses given ? ”

But one President had been chosen since his grave was made who had been struck down by slavery’s dying blow ; one President had been chosen, and he the General whose fame was born of the deadly war between Slavery and Nationality. The party had again selected for its standard-bearer a man of unblemished character, a man who had risked life and limb on his country’s side, against slavery. You were made Elector by your constituency for the purpose of casting their vote for the Republican candidate. You accepted the office without protest against the action, or manifest dissent from the opinion of your constituency ; yet, before the Electoral College had assembled, the air was sharp with suspicion that you meant to prove false to those who had trusted in you, by voting for their opponents. On one vote hung the fate of the election ; that casting vote you held. One hundred and eighty-four men, besides you, held a casting vote, but your fidelity alone was suspected. One hundred and eighty-four men, chosen from the profane ranks of politicians, bore themselves above temptation. Over your head alone, chosen from the walls of lofty Harvard, hung the dark cloud of doubt. One word, one decisive assurance from you, would have turned all these suspicions into apology ; but that word was not spoken, that assurance was not given. On the contrary, the newspaper organs of your known friends and intimates defended such action. They confirmed and inflamed suspicion by referring to and arguing from the old days when Electoral Colleges assembled “ to elect and not simply to certify elections.” As well might it be urged that because the word *let*, which now means *permit*, once meant *hinder*, a free man is to-day by law a slave. Your countrymen were not yet far enough from the war to be beguiled by such adroitness. Real swords leaped at you ; constituents you found were not only handy to help a man in, but had also some weight afterwards. You voted for the Republican candidate, as it would have been unprecedented baseness not to vote ; but it was not your own incorruptibility which bore off the

palm. It was one great man, a politician and an office-holder, of higher purpose and stronger principle than you, who in the inner political circles which your faction affects to despise, had the credit of restraining your feet and holding you to the plain path of duty. Can your wavering resolution ever permit you to be quite free from the stain of having waited like your own Birdofredum Sawin' to see,

“Wich way the tide that sets to office is aturnin’?”

The tide that set to office swept you in on its crest. Whether to fix your loyalty, or, remembering only your early principles and forgetting or mis-interpreting your later hesitation, the still victorious Republican party sent you to represent it abroad. The manner in which you accomplished your mission it is not my object now to discuss. Suffice it, that the story of your triumphant sallies upon London society penetrated promptly and frequently our American wilderness. Successive glows of pride thrilled the heart of the Republic at learning, from time to time, the important feats of your official life—that you had dined with a duke; that you had gone down to spend Sunday with an earl at his country seat. It was echoed with awe that you could accurately tell when the Aubrey de Veres were to be found at Redbourne Hall, and when at Bestwood Park; how your “engaging” friend, Lord Granville, was connected on one side with the Duke of Sutherland and on the other with the Duke of Devonshire—thus classifying even the august corpuscles of the blood of Gower and Cavendish. It is true that ever and anon some traveling countryman of your own came home laughing at a certain juvenility in your bearing towards him, at a simplicity that apologized for a lack of entertainment not required at your hands, but which gave you opportunity for exploiting the number and grandeur of the social engagements which prevented your hospitality; and some, it must be confessed, came swearing at a certain air of high distinction, caught, no doubt, in your hob-nobbing with the “quality,” but which they profanely called your “—snobbery and nonsense,” your “— provincialism and tomfoolery;” and sometimes cold shivers ran down even the back of London at your little lapses from etiquette.

Your own Birdofredum Sawin could hardly have perpetrated a grosser breach of courtesy than was whispered, I might

almost say snickered, against you in a certain English circle. They had been told that Mr. Evarts, soon after his appointment as Secretary of State, found you in what seemed a semi-relapse into literary but innocuous desuetude. Mr. Evarts elevated you at once into notice by appointing you to the Spanish mission, which had before been bestowed in recognition of literary merit—the mission to which Secretary John Quincy Adams sent Alexander Everett in 1824, to which Secretary Webster sent Washington Irving in 1842, the mission urged upon the historian Prescott by Secretary Clayton in 1849. The honor of the position tendered you by Mr. Evarts was greatly enhanced by the literary predecessors who had dignified and characterized it.

At the end of a year Mr. Evarts transferred you to the Court of St. James, thus bestowing on you the same compliment received by Richard Rush, Edward Everett and George Bancroft. If it were possible for distinguished tribute to establish a sense of gratitude or a claim to fidelity, you surely owed fidelity and gratitude to Mr. Evarts.

In turn you had a slight opportunity to show your appreciation of Mr. Evarts's intelligent friendliness. At the close of his service as Secretary of State, he visited London with his family. It was—I can hardly say noised—I should rather say it was silenced among Americans in London, that you failed to pay him, not only the respect of an officer to his chief, but the courtesy of one citizen of the world to another. Eminent Englishmen sought him out, against—it was whispered with dismay—your rather provincial efforts to keep him in the background. It was reported, in English diplomatic circles, with something between a grin and a groan, that an invitation left by Lord Salisbury at the American Legation for Secretary Evarts and his wife and daughter to spend some days at Hatfield, was suffered to lapse so grossly as to be conveyed for Mr. Evarts only, —thus depriving his family of the pleasure of a visit to the historic house of the Cecils, of seeing the State papers of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, and of witnessing the highest form of English country life ; and also depriving our English friends of the pleasure of knowing an American family, whose privacy I dare not invade, but the gentle grace and charm of whose inner life are as irresistible as the wit and wisdom and eloquence by which it is known to the world.

If this blunder had been an unintentional *gaucherie* on your part, it would have been bad enough, but it might have been classed and pardoned with the hundred other *gaucheries* committed by men intelligent, even cultivated, but not bred to diplomacy, and not, therefore, always skilled in the severe laws of its social etiquette. But in the strict privacy of diplomatic *coteries*, you were charged with even a more rustic blunder than this. It was remembered that when Mr. Evarts was urgently trying to induce you to push England to the payment of the Fortune Bay claims, you had so little comprehension of the scope of an American mission that you wrote naïvely to Mr. Evarts that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry would be embarrassed by yielding to any American demand just at that time. A smile flickered over averted faces in the diplomatic circles of both countries at Mr. Evarts's dry response, that, in his judgment, you would find it very difficult to adjust the interests of your own country to the shifting exigencies of political parties in England! That world within the world saw that you had keenness enough to detect the satire, but not high breeding enough to hide the smart. So, like the rural lass resenting her slighted charms, you sulked visibly, and thus confessed your snub.

The world outside of yours, however, knew nothing of this. The country at large could only see its representative visiting the English peerage, and had small sympathy to waste on the wrath or the raillyery of individuals—mere Americans, even though they were recognized at home as your social or intellectual superiors. You fulfilled, so far as can be seen, to the general satisfaction of English society, and to the entire satisfaction of your own ideal, your official duties. You had, without protest, accepted high office at the hands of the man whose election you had been hardly restrained from opposing. No symptom of restlessness in your position escaped you; no evidence of antagonism to the principles or the methods of the party that appointed you is on record; no discontent with the duties or the emoluments of your position, no conscientious scruples concerning the men or the measures of Republicanism ever wrung from you a token of desire to resign your office. You kept it cheerfully through the whole term of the administration which appointed you. Through all the stress of the election which decided its successor, you held your peace. The silence of the grave was not

more profound. When the Republican succession was assured, your spirit was still unbroken. The files of history will be searched in vain to find any anxiety recorded by you as to the policy to be pursued by the incoming administration of Garfield. Reform or spoils, free-trade or protection, territorial expansion or naval construction, South American trade or decaying ships, hard money or soft, bribery and coercion at elections, or a free vote and a fair count—all these things you silently relegated, with touching trust, to the party in power. The sole point on which you were known to desire reassurance was whether you, yourself, were to be continued in office. On this point I suppose you were reassured. I do not know. Certainly you were continued in office. Through another four years of Republican Administration you were smoothly piloted. In the next, as in the preceding election, you gave no sign. Your legs rested tranquilly under English mahogany, while the struggle went on between your party of liberty and the party of slavery; between the party that fought and the party that forced the war; between the party which organized your idea of progress and reform and the party which your comrades have stigmatized as the party of spoils and obstruction. But when the struggle was over, when your party was defeated, when your office was irretrievably gone from you and you had nothing to lose, then, as unexpectedly, though not as pertinently, as Balaam's interlocutor, you opened your mouth and spake—not simply in courteous welcome to your successor, but in contumely of the hand that had fed and led you, and that you had followed with docility for six years. I do not say that because it fed, you followed; but certainly while it fed, you followed; and when it had been struck away you sprang to repudiate it. Publicly you regretted—so flashed the uncontradicted wires across the sea—that you had not been privileged to cast a vote against the Republican party and for the party which had overthrown it. No loyalty to comrades with whom you had long and willingly served, no stanchness to principles which you had warmly and publicly advocated; no quick instinct of self-respect, of the reticence due to your own dignity; no chivalric impulse of fidelity in defeat, forbade you instantly to transfer your sympathy from the vanquished to the victors.

Even your regret, though indecent, was impotent. What hindered that you were not in a position to cast the desired vote? What hindered the sixty days leave of absence which your diplo-

matic colleagues obtained—who came home, and openly exercised the freeman's privilege of the ballot? What could have been easier than seasonably to resign the office of representing the offensive party's policy and go home to vote against it? What, at least, would have been easier than to express your wish while, as yet, it might have an effect upon the election? What can your countrymen infer but that you occupied the position of your own Birdofredum Sawin; that public office meant for you,

“ Nine thousan' dolls per ann.,
 Nine thousan' more fur outfit,
 An' me to [represent the] man,
 The place 'ould jest about fit.
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,—
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
 I don't believe in princerples,
 But O, I *du* in interest.
 It ain't by princerples nor men
 My prudent course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it bald-headed.

“ An' then another thing;—I guess, though mebby I am wrong,
 This Buff'llo plaster ain't agoin' to dror almighty strong.”

When your “ mebby ” turned out to be right, when you found that the Buffalo plaster did draw “ almighty strong,” that it had drawn you out of office, out of your nine thousan' dolls per ann., nine thousan' more fur outfit,—then, in violation of all official and personal courtesy, you betook yourself to

“ Praise
 To him that has the grantin'
 O' jobs—in every thin' that pays,
 But most of all in cantin'.

During your occupation of the English mission under the Republican party, you had so discharged its duties toward Ireland as to earn the flaming hatred of every Irishman in America. No sooner were you launched into the Democratic party at home, than, forgetting the fastidiousness of your English affiliations, you began to touch glasses with any McTom, O'Dick and Harrigan, that Democratic Boston chose to summon to its municipal banquets; and the telegrams that had blossomed erst like Aaron's rod with your revelings at the Duke of Omnium's, now sadly drooped under the burden of municipal festivities with Hugh O'Briens.

Of what sort was the President to whom your praise was supererogatively offered ? Who was the man who thus lured you into your fatal infidelity, who led you thus to debase your elegant culture, your moral elevation, to the sordid demand of dollars and cents ? The candidate of your party, the party which was yours until it was defeated, was far and away the leader of the Republican organization. An advocate of other policies, I feared his nomination and opposed his election, but every honorable Democrat recognized him as the able and adequate exponent of his party. Whether the party were right or wrong, he fitly represented the party. Born and reared like yourself from generations of refinement and culture, long a prominent and familiar figure in State and National legislation, where his opinions were always sought and always fully and boldly set forth, skilled in administration, on terms of intimacy with the public men of both parties, known on the hustings probably to a larger voting population than any other man in this country, and supported always by the popular vote, a logical thinker, an eloquent speaker, an elegant writer,—perhaps no man ever more amply gathered within himself alike the purposes and the aspirations of his party than did the candidate against whom you were careful to say nothing, so long as it was possible that he might have it in his power to continue or remove the Minister at St. James, but whom, after his defeat, you hastened ostentatiously to abandon.

And you, of the faction that cleaved off from its party on the question of fitness for office ; you, a man of learning, a citizen who had taken large part in discussing the most important, the highest moral politics of your country ; you, who had shared her honors and emoluments ;—you regretted that you had not been able to assist in elevating to the highest position in the country a man, not simply without learning, but ignorant of the ordinary political history of the nation he was set to govern ; a man who had never been in her councils, who had absolutely no experience in legislative assemblies or in national affairs ; a man who, as I have previously taken occasion to say, had passed through exciting years that heralded our civil war, had passed through the civil war itself, had passed through the eventful years succeeding the civil war, without uttering one word that could be recalled to indicate preference for either of the contending forces, knowledge that there was any war in progress, or any opinion whatever in

the equally momentous conflict of opposing theories after the re-establishment of peace. You thought it a wise and lofty thing, an intellectual feat and moral victory, to put at the head of this great country, this vast, noble, and advancing nation, a man who had never uttered a word for his country, nor ever lifted his hand in her defence higher than the hangman's rope. You hastened to transfer your allegiance to a man of brutal manners, of stolid instincts, of vulgar associations; a man who was a stranger to polite society, unacquainted with public men, ignorant of human nature, ignorant of politics as of letters—a man whose elevation to the Presidency of Harvard would have amazed and disgusted every alumnus in the country, would have offended and alienated every professor and tutor in the University; a man whom a brilliant member of his own political party declares to be “a wooden image, of dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity, as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth, sensible of criticism only to the point of resenting it.”

In all this I have not one word of blame for the President of your choice though not of your choosing; he did not make himself President; he but accepted what no man ever refused. As President, he has fulfilled every reasonable anticipation; he has executed the duties of his high office precisely as was to be expected of an executioner. But what can be thought of the culture of Harvard, what can be thought of her fitness for training young men to citizenship, when, at a crucial moment, she deliberately pronounces for ignorance, for inexperience, for indifference, and a rude morale, as proper pre-requisites to the greatest honor, the most arduous duty, the most weighty responsibility? With higher hope, with more palpable appropriateness, might you have elevated to the Presidency of Harvard the sheriff who hung your own professor for the murder of his friend. Your sheriff did his duty; so did Grover Cleveland his. But it is not the duty that best prepares a man to direct the education of young men, or to guide the policies of great States.

Once, you wrote in the promising spring-time of your manhood,

“ Once to every man and Nation,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.”

Such a moment came to you! On one side stood the memories

of your aspiring youth, the impulses of your matured strength, the claims of learning, character, statesmanship, faith to the traditions of your Alma Mater, opportunity to bind your country to spiritual progress and material advancement. On the other side were retrogression, incapacity, the neutralization of your early influence, the practical contradiction of your high verbal morality, the rule of the low, the crowning of the evil. And deliberately you chose the evil. You yielded your country to the hands of the party that had sought to rend her beautiful seamless robe, against your own party that, with whatever blunders, had secured at infinite cost its integrity. You were fain to deliver your government into the coarse keeping of ignorance, rather than into the expert hands of culture. What words better strike the note of our inevitable lament than your own measures of a happier time :

"O utter degradation ! Freedom turned
Slavery's vile bawd to cozen and betray
To the old lecher's clutch a maiden prey !"

By what token then do you stand in the place of the fathers, with two hundred and fifty years of noble sacrifice behind you, fronting a future of noble endeavor, and assume to speak for the better part, for the higher life ? As between an education which develops character or personal availability, you said loftily before the citizens of the world, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your Alma Mater, as between the effect of education "in the conduct of life, or on the chances of getting a livelihood, I should choose the former."

"The devil you would !" blurts out your Democratic ally, scorning while accepting such help. When would you ? Was it when, in the uncertainty of a great crisis, you hesitated between truth and treason to your own party, not knowing which way the tide that sets to office was "a-turnin'"? Was it when your party had secured the fruits of victory, and had therefore secured you, for the remainder of its term of ascendancy, by giving you an

"Office that includes good easy-cheers and soffies ?"

Was it when the party, having lost its "easy-cheers and soffies" with its ascendancy, lost also you, and for thanks or good wish from you in its defeat received a parting kick—was that the hour when you chose character rather than personal availability, the

conduct of life rather than the chances of getting a livelihood ? Surely at those significant moments culture showed its height by the same tokens that greed of office and mercenary politics in a vulgar Democracy employ.

When you affirmed at Harvard that the highest office of a University is to distribute the true bread of life, you must, with Hosea Biglow, have stipulated a mental reservation that the bread should—

“Come back in many days, an’ buttered tu, fer sartin.”

You argued that our ancestors believed in a college education,—that is, in the best education to be had ; that nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties as the frequent social commingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths. You expressed the belief that Harvard would speedily take on the form and functions of a great University, “And whenever that does happen,” you said, “it will be due, more than to any and to all others, to its able President, who, by a rare combination of eminent qualities, would carry the work forward without haste and without jar.” You announced it as one prime weakness of a Democracy to be satisfied with the second best. You pronounced that the only way in which our civilization can be maintained at its present level,—still more, be raised higher,—is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and directness on the less cultivated, for refinement of mind and body. You declared that Democracy must show its capacity for producing the highest possible types of manhood, must satisfy the inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from the common and the vulgar. You declared that the most precious property of culture, and of a college, as its trustee, is to maintain higher ideals of life and its purpose. You pointed out that we are dealing with a time when the belief seems to be spreading that the better mind of the country is growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services,—the government of it. You implied that the work of a college is to make a man of culture, a man of intellectual resources, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul.

These be parlous words. But you did not teach in parables

alone ; you brought your object lesson with you ; you proffered yourself as an object lesson. "I stand here as a man of letters, and as a man of letters I must speak." Were you satisfied to present your political ideals in person ? Did you feel that you had so borne yourself as to convince the ignorant Democratic politician that Harvard culture fits a man for delicate political discrimination, for sound public judgment, for lofty fidelity to duty ? Did the President at your side point your moral and adorn your tale ? Did the Alumni who heard, or the wider congregation that read, your words make an application, the stronger for being indirect, to the Nation's head, by attributing whatever national advance is made, to the rare combination of eminent qualities in the able President for whose election you had secretly agonized, and at whose election you had publicly rejoiced ? Did you feel that you were honoring the belief of your ancestors in a college education, by placing in the highest office a man who had disdained a college education ; or by what process had you discovered in him natural administrative or intellectual traits so strong as to make the lack of college training insignificant ? Was this President of your choice a man who has widened his views and quickened his faculties by social commingling with scholarly and intellectual souls ? "Unless Democracy," you said, "know how to make itself gracious and winning it is a failure." This man of your æsthetic choice, "this wooden image of dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity, as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth"—is his the gracious and winning demeanor which proves Democracy a success ? Did your great audience in Sanders' Theatre, and your still greater audience outside, instinctively discern in your advocacy of the President your patriotic and cultured way of antagonizing the prime weakness of a Democracy in being satisfied with the second best ? In holding up your President before the ingenuous youth of Harvard and the learned gentlemen from abroad, did you feel that you were displaying your country's first best, and your own superior vision in discerning it ? Did you impress his image, his "wooden image," upon your audience as that of the only available man in the ranks of the Democratic party, by whose influence civilization could be maintained or elevated, whose refinement of mind and body could be brought to bear with more energy on the less cultivated and refined, whose high type of manhood could satisfy the inextinguish-

able passion of your soul for what is away from the common and the vulgar? "The measure of a Nation's true success," you had averred, is "its contribution to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind, let our candidates flatter us as they may." Did your candidate ever flatter us that way? Did you glow with the consciousness that in maintaining him for the Presidency you had been maintaining the highest ideal of life and its purpose; that you were enlisting the better mind of the country in the government of it, and were so commanding Harvard to the nobler aspirations of the land? When the President of your choice, your hero of the rare combination of eminent qualities, and of the culture of high social comingling, your first best and last best product of Democracy, the fine flower of your inextinguishable passion against the common and the vulgar, your measure of the Nation's spiritual, moral, and intellectual contribution to mankind—when he lifted himself on your pedestal before the assembled learning and wisdom and grace of Harvard, gathered from the old world and the new, and showed himself sensible of criticism, to the point of resenting it then and there, was your inextinguishable passion gratified? Did he evince the mental resource which needs no college lore, the refinement which is deeper than training, the good taste which is the conscience of the mind.

Here even you had the grace to falter. Confronted with your Frankenstein prodigy, your inextinguishable passion succumbed. You turned and fled to cover. The friendly Roman opened its arms to your shelter. But neither in Latin nor in English did you venture so much as to allude to the moral energy, or the intellectual resource, or the spiritual consolation, or the Democratic graciousness, or the high ideal which you had sought to saddle on the country. You prudently confined yourself to second-class traits, and those, even, of doubtful quality—courage, which is as often and as correctly counted insensibility or ignorance; strength of purpose, which in the lack of reason is but foolish obstinacy, and breaks before selfishness and intimidation into equally foolish surrender; fidelity to duty, which in the earlier days of your ideal leader seemed to have a vague existence, though it was fidelity to duty dimly seen and stolidly construed, and even that, the stress of political pressure soon shattered and scattered as dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly. Ability

to withstand the “*civium ardor prava jubentium*,” is the special quality with which Matthew Arnold credits President Grant ; but to that faction of one party and dissatisfaction with all parties which your Holiness represents, no man was more obnoxious than President Grant. You and the English poet may share the honor of a Latin quotation, but that the two Presidents do not share the trait to which it points, thousands of facts testify.

Even had these qualities indisputably existed, they are qualities which equally fit a man to be a hod-carrier or a President ; they qualify and disqualify for no station whatever, but belong to all stations, and consist with every disqualification as well as every qualification for high and *exigeant* office. You brought Seneca’s pilot to your aid, but you dared not aver that Seneca’s pilot was a good one, only that he would keep his rudder true. True to what ? Seneca’s pilot may weld himself to his rudder, but whether his stanchness is valuable or not depends upon whether he understands navigation. If he had never before done anything but row a skiff down your Charles River, sticking to the rudder would not keep him off the rocks of Cape Hatteras. You left your party and abandoned even the etiquette of diplomacy, to exalt to the chief command of this great ship of state, the greatest on the high seas, a man who had no experience whatever in ocean sailing, and but the slightest accidental experience in river craft ; whose duties on river craft had been chiefly below stairs, and who, even as steerage cook, had preferred to be his own scullion. If you did not know this, where is your intelligence ? If you did know it, where is your honor ?

And after these political tricks before high heaven you dare stand up as a man of letters, and claim to choose the conduct of life rather than the chance to get a living ; claim to advocate the first best as against your country’s low democratic lurch to the second best ; claim to be setting your shoulder to the wheel of our political civilization to raise it to higher levels ! As a man of letters you must speak, and you clamor to your gods to “give us first of all and last of all the science that ennobles life and makes it generous.” I, too, stand here as a man of letters, and as a man of letters I speak ; and looking around upon the noble men of both parties, Republicans and Democrats, men of learning and accomplishments and achievements ; men of great ideas and high ideals, whom you have passed by to laud a man who has neither ;

men of direct purpose and simple faith and unwearying patience ; men who transact their country's business as if it were their own, erring sometimes it may be, not assuming a monopoly of moral purity, or mental discernment, or political knowledge, but doing man's work in modest, manly way—and I refer your petition for an ennobling science to your own earlier words :

“ Look inward through the depths of thine own soul ;
How is it with thee ? Art thou sound and whole ?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain ?
Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes ;
Then will pure light around thy path be shed.”

ARTHUR RICHMOND.